THE DODGE CITY TIMES

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AT THE ARENA IN SPAIN.

I have not yet ceased wondering at that peculiar state of mind an American would find himself in had he, without previous promptings, been placed among the spectators at a Spanish bull-fight. The arena is six times the size of our circus rings, and the ground is of hard, beaten-down sand, the whole circle surrounded by stone seats, one tier over the other, with capabilities of holding 10,000 people. The places for the spectators are separated from the arena by a barrier, breast high, which forms a walk between the arena and the seats. Into this place of safety the bull-fighters spring when too closely pursued by the animal. You take your place, and are at once excited. Whether it be a feeling of wonder or dread I hardly know. You conjure up all the horrible things you may have seen or dreamed of, as if to accustom yourself to a new sensation. You think you ought not to have come at all.

Half the arena, as I saw it a few days ago, is in the full blaze of the brilliant sunlight and is a carnival of color. To depict it an artist's palet would be impossible, it is so rich with the varied hues of shawls, gay dresses, startling parasols and fluttering fans. The noise is deafening, for everybody is talking or laughing, and to add to the confusion there is a band. At last the noise of the music ceases and we know that the hour has come. Two men on horseback, in costumes of the sixteenth century, enter the arena. They ride across the ring, approach the place where the dignitary who presides over the bull-fights is seated, and, baring their heads, receive permission to commence the dreadful business. Slowly, as in state, they now approach the entrance from whence the bull-fighters will come. Then out from here emerges the whole band of espadas, picadors and bandarillos. This display is superb. The men are clad in gorgeous colors. They march across the arena to the loge of the President, bow low, and then, ranging themselves about the sides of the arena, await the coming of the bull. The keys of the bull inclosure are now thrown into the arena to be deftly caught by a bull-fighter. He marches slowly along, turns the key, and a door grates on its hinges. Then you feel your nerves vibrate, your muscles contract, as you strain your eyes. There is a dead silence. In an instant a bull strides into the arena, and, with jerky motion of head and lashing of tail, glares at the sun-light. Ten thousand voices greet him. The bull for a moment seems dazed, but it is only for a moment. At once he seems to understand who are his enemies, and with a vicious movement plunges into the arena. The massacre has begun.

You have a dim conception of some fierce assault between a man on a gaunt horse and a frantic bull. You are positive that the bull has driven his horns into the poor horse. There are flutterings of cloaks and wild dashes of the bull, and then you see a bleeding, an eviserated horse, spurred and lashed in pursuit of the bull. You are sickened, you feel faint, and yet you are terribly excited. The bull dashes wildly hither and thither, and you forget about the horse. It is all the caparillos can do to elude the rapid attacks of the bull. Still they flap their cloaks in his bloodshot eyes. They lead him toward the picador. The bull is furious. Here is something he evidently thinks which cannot escape punishment. But you see the horse again, who, fallen on his side, in his agony entangles his feet in his own entrails. One brute tries to make the horse stand up, only to be hurled over again to the ground by the maddened bull. Sometimes as many as eight horses are killed by one bull, and I may remark that the more horses killed the better the Spaniard deems the show.

A trumpet sounds and the bandarillos are brought into the arena. The picadors retire and no doubt say a *pater* or an *ave* to their patron saint, praying to live to see themselves mounted on more horses whose entrails are to be ripped out by bulls. The darts are now in the bandarillos' hands. The bull has been fretted enough; the bandarillos' duty is to make him crazy. The bandarillos buzz around him like hornets, and prick him with their darts. You wonder how it is all done. The bull seems for an instant to have one man at his mercy. His horns are within a hair's breadth of the bandarillo, and next you see the man untouched, the bull's head high in the air, but his neck fringed with darts. Eight of these darts are dangling now in his hide, when the trumpet sounds once more, and the multitudes yell for the espada. The bull stands panting, with streaming sides. The espada steps into the ring, places himself before the President's seat, and says a few words to the effect that, with his permission, he desires either to kill or be killed by the bull. He takes his jaunty cap from off his head and throws it into the ring. Now, in a dignified manner, with superb strut, the espada goes forth to meet the bull, and never stops until he is within a few feet of him. The bull seems astounded at this coolness, and does not budge.

The espada takes a bit of red cloth and holds it close to the bull. This is too much of an impertinence for toro, who, with a quick, vicious dash at the espada completely dispels any idea you may have that the bull is tired. The red cloth has almost been entangled in the bull's horns, and that animal seems surprised that he is only tearing up the air with his sharp prongs. This play, which worries the bull, is continued until at last the beast is apparently tired out, for he seems hardly conscious of the presence of his enemy. The espada's sword is then slowly raised until it is on a line with his eye. He holds it there an instant, then gives a spring forward. The bull meets him half way with lowered head, and the blade is buried to the hilt somewhere in the region of the animal's heart. The man stands stock still. The bull, languidly tossing his head, slowly retreats. He seems conscious of his end. He coughs blood. For the spectators this is the supreme moment of the show, and they rise to witness his agony. He quivers, staggers and sinks. His enemies still surround him and torment him. Perhaps there is something more to be got of him. He rises unsteadily, for he is faint. The clotted blood, in a horrible stream, is cast up by the bull. The world becomes dark for that miserable beast, though God's sun is shining ever so brightly. He is on his feet for the last time. A creature comes now on the scene—some poor, abject wretch incorporated in the noble guild of bull-fighters. He treads the ground cat-like. He has a small knife as keen as a razor. It is the coup de grace he gives, the only merciful thing done, for, with a rapid motion, he cuts the bull's throat. The misery is over. A few prolonged notes of the trumpet herald the death of the first bull. While the band is playing the arena is cleared of dead bull and horses. The fine points of the fight are discussed with zest by the spectators. It is generally agreed by the critics that the bull was a game one.

The second bull is then ready for torture. It is not the same fight exactly, for there are accidental differences. There are many horses killed, but the death of the bull is certain. The last bull is dead now, and as you look into the calm, clear sky, you ask yourself, in a fearful kind of inquiry: "How did you like it?" You are half afraid of your own reply. The man who offers you tickets for the next bull-fight, which is to take place in a few days, may perchance find a customer. "just for the opportunity of studying the whole thing more calmly." As for me, I will never see another bull-fight as long as I live.—*Toledo (Spain) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

—It is said to require the long polar night to persuade a man of the blessedness of the sun's influence and the joy of its companionship. Possibly the occasional occurrence in history of six months of solid atheism might work in us something of that same appreciation of religion as a fact and a potency that six months of solid night work in the Arctic resident's estimate of solar gladness and power.—*C. H. Parkhurst.*

—Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight, and the bright blue day which the former promises breaks, indeed, but in another world and with another sun.—*Richter.*

—Heroic unselfishness always commands the enthusiasm of mankind.

New Ideas in Shirts.

A man with the courage of his convictions upon the subject of masculine attire has at last come to the front—shirt-front. The Philadelphia *Record* man takes his life in his hands and protests against the iron-clad shirt. The custom of wearing in the summer stiffly-starched collars and cuffs with sheet-iron shirt bosoms that no sun will wilt, is one, he thinks, which no brave man should follow. The suggestion comes a little late in the season, but the leaven may do its good work for next year. The only substitute this daring innovator suggests is that of the woolen shirt, which, to his long ng eyes, looks lovely as he sees it worn by yachtmen and bicyclers. Why should not all gentlemen adopt these comfortable garments, cries this perspiring editor, and why not now? Woolen shirts may be very well in their way, but if men are going into the dress-reform business, why not display a little of the courage we have tried to instill into the souls of our sisters. "Never mind public opinion, but wear what is sensible and comfortable," is language that has a familiar sound in this connection. The woolen shirt, blue, plaid or polka-dotted, has its uses, but it is more beautiful in the furnishing-store window than when adorning a manly chest. It is not appropriate for all occasions; it is not "dressy," and its advantages in point of coolness over the iron-clad article are not entirely clear when the thermometer is in the nineties. What the man of the period wants, the man who will not be bound by slavish custom and can call his soul and his back his own, is a muslin shirt. A nice, thin, cool lawn (not lawn tennis) shirt, with no starch, and such trimmings as may suit his taste and purse, should satisfy the most fastidious. The classic style of man will need no decorations, but the less highly favored will doubtless prefer trimmings in the way of ruffles, embroidery, or even lace, to replace the old expanse of shining linen. Collars can be dispensed with; ruffles and ruches, ladies say, are much more becoming as well as more comfortable, and comfort is what is wanted. Or fichus can be worn, or embroidered handkerchiefs, crossed upon the breast and fastened with the large diamond, or other gem, that has hitherto glittered in the heavy pasteboard shield known as a scarf. Man has not, since the revolutionary days, had a fair opportunity to exercise his taste or choice in the matter of color or decoration. He has been forced to attire himself in garments precisely like those of a hundred thousand other men, and, thus, in a measure, lose his identity. He is a creature of habit, but not lacking in courage, and here is his opportunity to assert himself. He can at once be beautiful and engaging (in which case the girls will like him better), and he can likewise be comfortable. The *Record* man will, doubtless, have many converts to his idea, and will do well to take out a patent on it.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A New France.

A Frenchman bought an island off the coast of Australia for about $350, and announced his intention of founding a New France. The projector called himself a Marquis, and succeeded in obtaining subscriptions amounting to 10,000,000 francs from colonists who joined in the expedition. The emigrants sailed in vessels bought with their own money, the "Marquis" not accompanying them. When the colonists reached their destination, a desert, and not the rich soil and attractive surroundings promised, greeted them. Hunger and sickness killed many of them, and the rest were brought home by kind shipmasters. The projector, meanwhile, was organizing new enterprises. It was reported that engineers had found precious stones in the land of New France, and that agriculture was flourishing. More subscriptions poured in. Soon, however, the imposition was discovered. The "Marquis" is to be tried for manslaughter, embezzlement, and for enrolling a military command in France—a body of one hundred soldiers who were to guard New France. Two fresh vessels were being equipped at Barcelona when he was arrested.—*London Globe.*

—At the Lexington (Ky.) Fair, to a small boy who asked a quarter for holding his duster, General Abe Buford spoke: "My boy, you should not commence this extortion so soon in life."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Deacon Samuel Waldo, of Perry Village, Wyoming County, N. Y., who has attained the venerable age of eighty-six years, has lately married a neighbor in the person of Miss Harriet Hammond, aged seventy years. The bride, who is the good Deacon's sixth wife, was an early teacher of President Arthur.

—Next to the movements of road agents those of editors are watched with jealous suspicion by Colorado reporters. Says the Denver *Tribune* man: "Mr. F. H. Alison, editor of the Georgetown *Courier*, is in the city getting his hair cut. Mr. N. P. Babcock, of the Gunnison *News-Democrat*, is also in town having some dental work done."

—A literary club of Cincinnati, now in its thirty-third year, has given the country from its members one President, R. B. Hayes; two foreign ministers, Mr. Noyes to France, Mr. Taft to Austria; one Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase; one Associate Justice, Stanley Matthews; two Cabinet officers, Judge Taft and J. D. Cox.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Captain Mayne Reid, in his "Rural Life of England" articles in the New York *Tribune*, says that in many parts of that country the agricultural laborer gets only fifty cents a day, and of course all Sundays, and rainy days, etc., are his loss, he being always hired by the day. Fifteen dollars a month for a family of four or five persons, and perhaps more, is certainly starvation wages.

—According to an old servant of the Bronte family, the sisters were in the habit of beginning their literary tasks at nine in the evening. Emily Bronte, however often worked in the daytime. "Many's the time that I have seen Miss Emily put down the tally iron as she was ironing the clothes to scribble something on a piece of paper. Whatever she was doing, ironing or baking, she had her pencil and paper by her. I know now she was writing 'Wuthering Heights.'"

HUMOROUS.

—It annoys an amateur poet to find that his poetry has been "run in" by the intelligent compositor and every other line "quoted."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—An old bachelor leaving his boarding house for a week's journey, after taking leave of his landlady, stepped up to a salt mackerel on the table, shook him by the tail, and said: "Good-bye, old fellow, I will see you when I return."

—Young ladies who are afraid that lovers are after them for their money can make an effective defense by regularly buckling down to the wash-tub and filling the back-yard with white linen every Monday morning.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—We are sorely puzzled by an associated press dispatch, which says the country seat of an editor, near Long Branch, was robbed on Sunday night. There is something about this dispatch we cannot understand.—*Middletown Transcript.*

—A New York man says he keeps chops and steaks for several days in the hottest weather by burying them in meal. Meal is a good thing in any weather for steaks and chops. We more particularly refer just now to the morning meal.—*Danbury News.*

—Oatmeal is really a very good thing to make the skin fine and soft, if it is used in cold water as a wash. We always had a notion that oatmeal could be put to some good use. Heretofore it has been principally used by cranks who keep boarding houses as a means of killing appetites for breakfast.—*The Judge.*

—"So you've weaned the baby," said a lady to her next door neighbor. "Yes, I did that some time ago. Why?" The querist stepped out on the front porch as she replied: "Well, judging from the slapping noise I heard last night, I knew you were bringing him up by hand." The door closed with a bang that could have been heard over in the next county.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Hundreds of thousands of men die annually from strong drink.—*Kansas Prohibitionist.* We never undertake to criticise any other editor, but we do not believe that any man can die annually. Annually means every year, and no man can die every year, for any great length of time, unless he has a great deal of practice and experience at the business.—*Texas Siftings.*